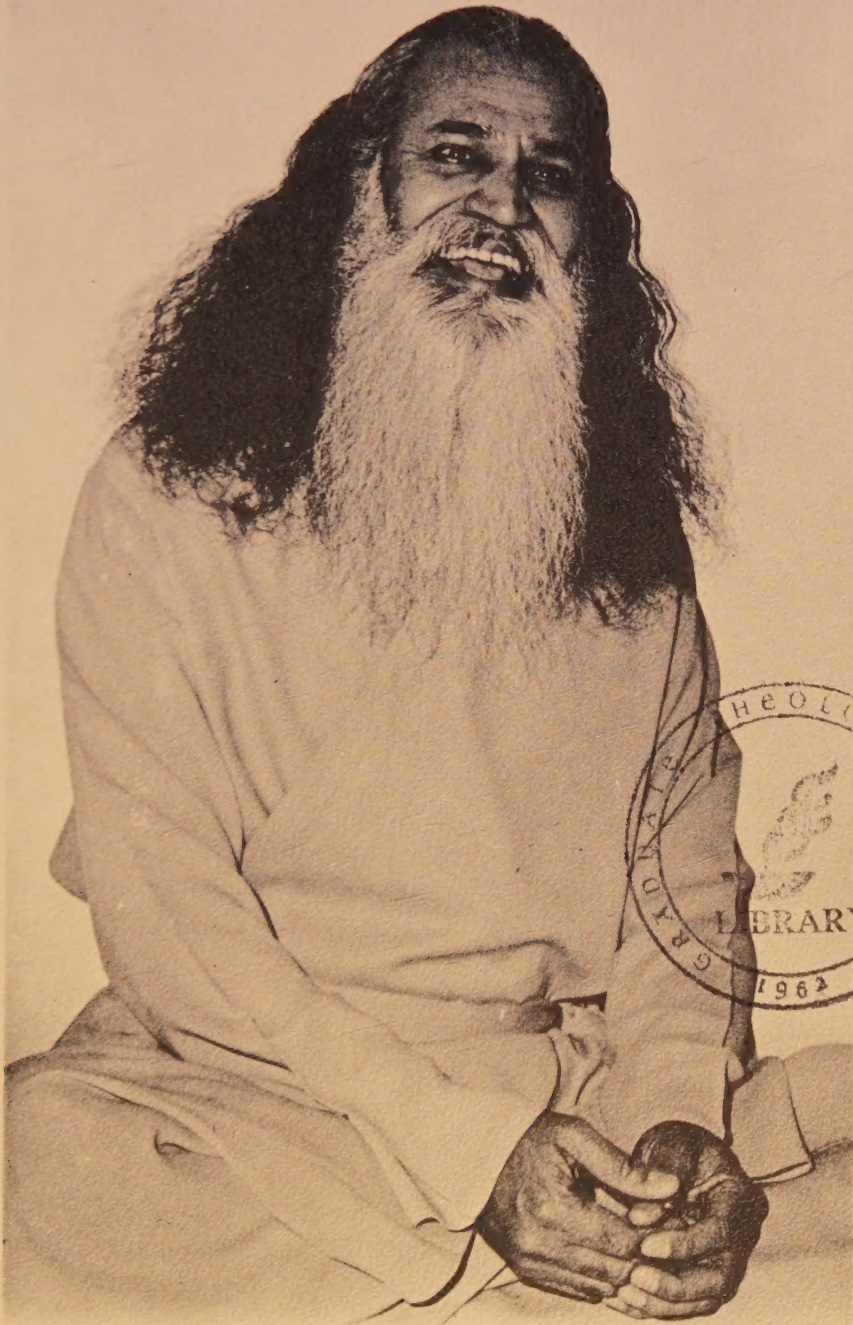


Integral Yoga

A MAGAZINE OF THE INTEGRAL YOGI INSTITUTES



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571
1974

A body of perfect health and strength, mind with all clarity, calmness and control, Intellect sharp as a razor, will of steel, heart full of love and mercy, a life dedicated to the common welfare and Realization of the True Self is the Goal of Integral Yoga.

Attain this through asanas, pranayama, chanting of Holy Names, mantra japa, worship, meditation, self discipline, selfless service, study, and reflection.

Om Shanthi Shanthi Shanthi.

Ever yours in yoga.

Swami Satchidananda

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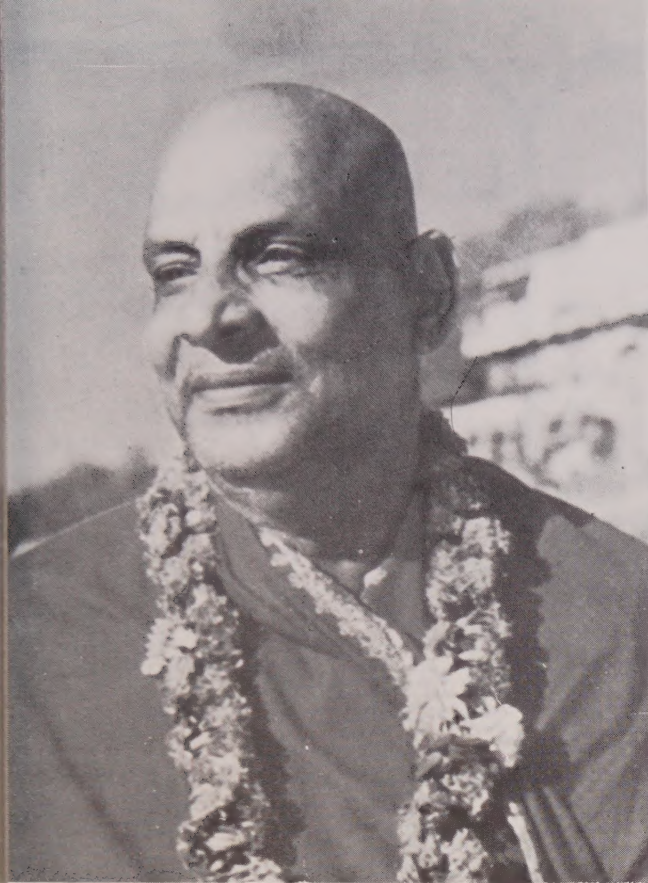
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Self- Surrender

by
Sri Swami Sivananda

Self-surrender is complete surrendering of the self to God. Through self-surrender the devotee feels the reality of divine grace and the Lord's readiness to bestow help at all times. The divine influence streams into his being and moulds it to make it a fit medium for divine realisation and divine instrumentality.

Surrender and grace are inter-related. Surrender draws down grace and grace makes surrender complete. Surrender starts the purification of the heart. Grace completes it. Without grace the complete unification is not possible. Grace divinises your being in order that the constant inflow and inspiration can be received and retained.

Surrender is not a thing that is done in a week or a month. You cannot make total surrender from the very beginning of your Sadhana. The self-arrogating little ego persists and resists again and again. It clings leech-like to its old habits, cravings and desires. It wages guerilla war. It demands certain objects for its secret gratification. That is why the whole being should be surrendered. That is the reason why Lord Krishna says, "Flee unto Him for shelter with all thy being." The body, life, mind and soul should be placed at the feet of the Lord.

If you simply say without real inner feeling, "I am thine, O Lord," this will not constitute real integral self-surrender. It should come from the core of your heart. You must be prepared for a radical change. You should not stick to your old habits, ways and motives. You should not expect that everything should happen in the way you want. You should live to carry out the divine purpose.

You should not think of those ambitions which the mind likes to gratify. There is no loss in surrender. You get from the Lord everything. You are freed from all wants and desires and cravings. It is through divine grace alone that your whole being is renewed.

EDITORIAL

Dear Friends,

This issue of Integral Yoga magazine marks another beginning. For the first time, all aspects of the magazine, from editorial to printing, are centered here at Satchidananda Ashram-Yogaville. We hope in this way to be able to serve you best, and to continue to provide you with a magazine that is truly inspiring. We can do this best, however, only if we continue to hear from you, to receive the benefits of your comments and your contributions. In this way, we can share in the joyful service of spreading the teachings of Integral Yoga and of our beloved Gurudev, Sri Swami Satchidananda. May all be filled with peace and joy.

Om shanthy shanthy shanthy

Anagan Stearns

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LETTERS

Aquarius Health Center
405 W. 148th Street
New York, N.Y.

November 28, 1973

Dear Swami Satchidananda,

We wish to express our thanks and gratitude for visiting us at Aquarius Health Center, and speaking to members of our community. Your words on the people rainbow were very enlightening. As you know, the chasm between black and white people in this country runs very deep. Quite often, when people who are not Afro-Americans speak of the American racial conflict and express a need for love and universal brotherhood, many black folk tune out; they have heard it all before. It becomes difficult to keep an open mind and loving heart when our people's history and present condition consistently reflects the oppression and suffering caused by the hands of white people; yet, your lecture was different. Your message of universal love and brotherhood for all God's creatures was not just in your words; it was reflected in you. It was you. We all knew that your simplicity and love for all things was genuinely more than words deep. And being so, we listened and understood. We will learn by example.

It was also a great and joyous day for the Aquarius staff. Our planning and preparation for your coming brought us closer together. We have so many things to be thankful for.

Yours in faith,
The staff of Aquarius

Talk at Aquarius

Beloved Friends. Let me calm down a little. Normally I don't get excited, but today somehow it seems to be so. Ever since my arrival in this country in 1966 I have been looking for an opportunity like this. But somehow my nature is not to push myself. I only wait for an opportunity. As the Bible says: "Ask and it shall be given. Knock and it will be opened." Some people have even criticized me in a way, thinking, "These Swamis come and seem to cater to only one group of people, completely ignoring the black community." To them I always said, "No, I'm only looking for an opportunity. I never ignore." So, this is more or less a seven-year-old dream. It's no wonder I'm a little excited. I really thank you all for giving me this wonderful opportunity to meet with you and to share some of my thoughts and to serve you within my capacity. My special thanks go to the trio who came to the Ashram — our beloved friend Woody and Maxine and Ayesha — and to the other members who helped them in making this evening possible.

I will try to present a small summary of my thinking about Yoga and more particularly the approach we have as Integral Yoga. "Yoga" is a Sanskrit word which in English is "union," or in a better way, "communion": to have union with yourself, union with your fellow members, union with your surroundings, union with the entire Creation and union with the Creator. That means there is nothing to be negated as not yours. As long as you

hear a person saying, "That's not me," or "I'm not one with that," then there is no Yoga there. So Yoga emphasizes realizing the Oneness.

It's not that the Oneness is to be created; we are already One. But somehow we have forgotten that. Something has come to veil our understanding. Something has come in between that true understanding and ourselves. It's something like if you see multi-colored rays, you should know that they all come from one source. If you look through a prism, you see it has seven different colors, the colors of the rainbow. But you see them only from one side. From the other side there's only one light. The one light, passing through the prism, appears to be many. It just depends from which side you look.

So to see the unity in diversity is what you call Yoga. To see that same consciousness in everyone: in you and in me. It's all the same; just the expressions vary. Once we realize that we don't divide man and man because of their color, country, caste, community, creed or language. With that basic understanding which you call Yoga, you feel the oneness. Whoever realizes that Yoga will always love the whole universe as part of his own Self.

Until that realization comes, we just live a superficial life. We differentiate between people. Whoever sees just the differences has not gone to the depth of his religion, whether he be a minister or preacher or whoever he is. In other words he has not realized the God within. As long as he differentiates you can very well know that he has not realized that spiritual oneness. At the same time, superficially there are differences, and according to the differences we try to help each other. If somebody is slipping and you're strong enough, hold him. But don't think he's in any way inferior to you. In spirit or conscious-

ness we are all the same, but the expression of consciousness varies. So those who express a little more should help the other person so that he too can express well. In this area you see the differences among us. But otherwise there's no difference at all.

Unfortunately the world seems to be living on the superficial level, constantly dividing people. It is childish, and sometimes it seems to be much worse than childish. Even children don't make these differences. We seem to be feeling that we are grown-ups. I don't know in what direction! Look at the children. They don't see any difference, whether one is rich or poor, black or white. They hug each other, play with each other. There's no animosity. Why? Because they don't exercise the ego. The ego is not yet hardened. They also have an ego but it is still soft and tender and pure. It hasn't gotten contaminated and hardened. As many of you know, the doctors say at a certain age our arteries get hardened. What is the reason? The toxins. When you put too many toxins in the system, the excess fat and toxins stick to the walls of the arteries and veins and they get hardened. Otherwise they are soft and the energy flows freely and the circulation is free. In the same way, mentally, when we are babies the ego is not hardened. It is soft and gentle so it just freely moves between ego and ego. The babies' egos mingle easily. There is a harmony.

Do you know why? Have you ever seen anybody giving a bottle of whiskey to a baby. Or putting a cigarette in its mouth? No. They don't even eat very hot or spicy food. Their food is plain and soft, not fried or spicy. (That's what we call yogic food.) And their egos are not hardened. But unfortunately we don't allow them to remain as soft and gentle as they are. Having hardened ourselves, we want to make them grow in the same direc-

tion. We educate them to harden. So slowly we put all the toxins in physically and the sins in mentally. They grow a little and we give them one puff: "Come on, try it a little." Pour a little whiskey in the mouth. And we teach them all the differences we have learned. We educate the children.

Take for example between black and white. Who educates the children about the difference between black and white? The white parent will tell the white babies, "Hey, that's black. Don't go there." The black parents will tell the black children, "Hey, that's white. Shun that." Until the parents generously educate them, they're like saints. Our own prejudice is simply injected into the babies. Why? Our forefathers injected it into us. We in turn initiate our children into everything. Then the gap widens more and more and each group blames the other.

The question is, who is to begin the harmony? Who is to express the oneness first? We always say, "Well, why not the other man?" But those who are really interested in expressing the unity should come forward. Don't worry about the other person. You should express it. Let your mind be totally free from any animosity or difference.

Sometimes, you know, we project our own feelings into other men's minds. We all constantly transmit and receive. You know the ham radio, it works as a transmitter and receiver both, is it not? Our mind is like that. If your mind is powerful and you transmit something, the other man is apt to receive it. If you're weak and the other man is powerful, you will receive it. If both have a nice feeling of receiving and giving, you exchange the idea. Imagine. I'm just giving you an idea. Try it if you want. You're going to see a very good friend. Before he arrives, think something very bad of him. He might have made some mistakes



ome years before to hurt you. Bring all those things into your mind and bring a negative feeling about him. You don't need to say anything. As soon as he walks in he will immediately be negative towards you. Why? He senses your feeling. Because you are projecting negatively he immediately reflects it.

So whether friend or enemy, just express your love. Project your love. Even your enemy has a soft corner somewhere. He might have hurt you, but if he doesn't have love he could not love his own wife. So he has love also. Nobody is 100% hateful or 100% loving. We have both. If you project that loving idea you can kindle the loving part of his mind. He'll forget his enmity. We have that capacity. That is the reason why enmity has never been removed by enmity. Fire can never be put out by fire. Violence can never be eradicated by violence. Instead you are just adding more and

more. If there is fire, pour water. If there is hatred, pour love, all your love. You can put out the hatred totally. Where there is violence, show compassion.

If you read the stories of great sages and saints and great men, you will see that they always did that. That's why they were great. And even on the animal level: have you ever seen babies in a new house where you're visiting and to your surprise, the child is playing with the ferocious dog? You might even be afraid to go near, but the child will play with that dog. Many times I've seen babies playing with deadly cobras. Why? Because even the wild animals sense your feelings. If you go with a kind of fear, you project the fear into their minds. Then who is to defend himself first? If they are afraid of you're committing some harm to them, they will attack first. But the babies go in a playful mood, so even the wild animals forget the

violence and just play. When you see a mother tiger playing with her baby, you just see a beautiful mother. She's no longer a ferocious animal. Even they have that love. So it's we who make friends and it's we who make enemies. We are the masters.

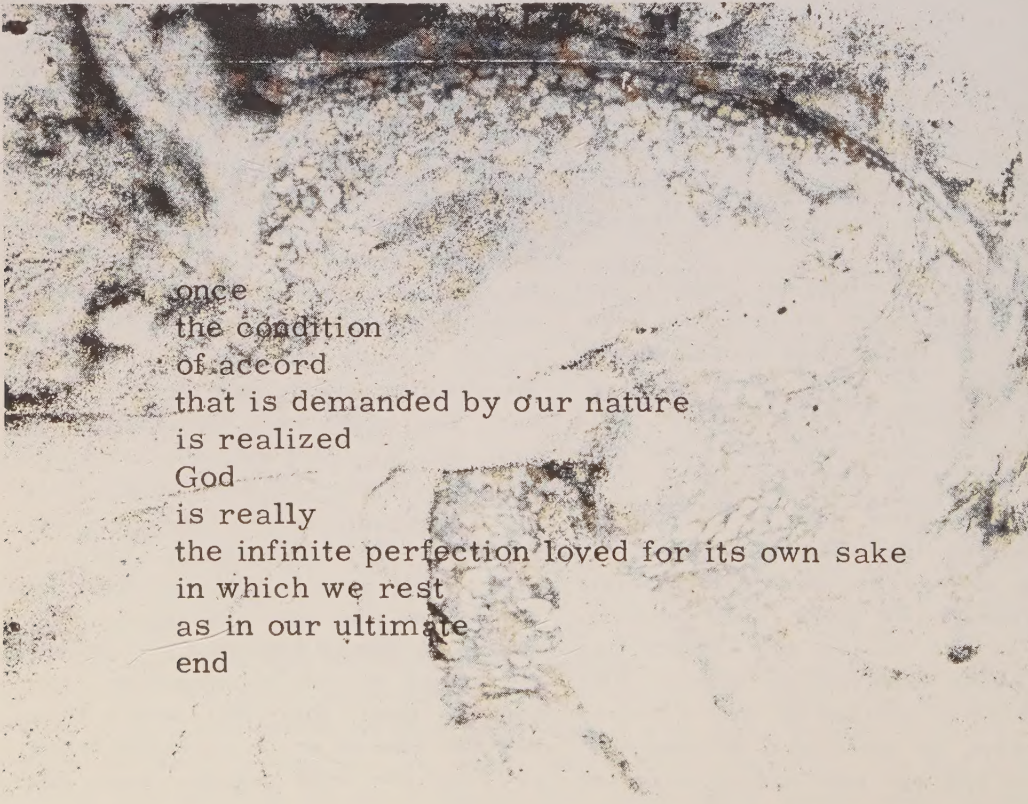
I can bet that you can't pick even one enemy for me in this whole world. I've traveled around the world so many times and I see many thousands of people. But nobody could come forward and say, "I hate this man." The reason is that I don't hate anybody. It's that simple. You project what you have in you. So if you want friends everywhere, it's in your hands. Change your attitude. Pour your love. You can tame even the wildest man, I am sure.

Sometimes it might fail. But it does not matter. It's here that we believe that this is not the end of our life cycle. Take for example Martin Luther King. He showed so much of love; he loved everybody. And he was killed,

but it doesn't matter. He only lost the body, but his spirit is still functioning and creating many more Martin Luther Kings. Don't think that just by killing the body you dispose of a man and he is no more. No. The soul is immortal. The desires are still there. His dream is still there, being fulfilled through many. So, we should try to exercise our own nobility, generosity, and good qualities. Transmit them. They can certainly win the whole world. It begins with our neighbor. Then it's only a matter of expanding it. That's what we call Yoga: feeling the oneness and coming together and living together by developing those beautiful divine qualities and expressing them. We all have that. We have that love. We're all the images of God.

Let this thought help us in realizing that God within, and to express that to make the whole world our friend. Thank you.

Om shanthi



once
the condition
of accord
that is demanded by our nature
is realized
God
is really
the infinite perfection loved for its own sake
in which we rest
as in our ultimate
end

In His Presence



In Hindu mythology Marthandan was the eighth egg laid by the giant sky eagle Garuda, the first seven hatching into saints and Marthandan into the Sun. This is the name I received from our beloved Swamiji, and within three days my new name took on a totally unexpected significance, as I found myself working at the San Francisco Zoo, teaching eagles how to fly.

You may wonder why it is necessary to train eagles how to fly! Eagles, along with falcons, hawks, owls and vultures, are natural birds of prey, and as a group they are called "raptors." For generations they have been indiscriminately slaughtered by hunters, ranchers and farmers. Many species now face total extinction.

Ever since I began at the Zoo, I have been working with a truly devoted and courageous animal lover, Mary Rose Spivey. We have been working as volunteer trainers to train caged, injured and orphaned raptors that are sent to us from around the western United States.

Trying to reverse this trend toward extinction, our project, Raptor Rehabilitation, last year gained nationwide

acceptance through an article written by Mary Rose for the Smithsonian Magazine. It tells of our efforts to raise two young Golden Eagles and release them in the mountains of California.

Long before these efforts, long before I even joined the IYI, I remember I saw a picture of Lord Siva surrounded by wild animals, predators and prey alike, joined together in blissful sadhana. I knew then that Yoga must be truly great. Well, when Swamiji came out to the Zoo this past year, the Lord Siva came with him.

Just days before I had begun the training of a completely beautiful and dangerous bird, a mature Bald Eagle named "Silver." In fact, I had tried to handle him only four times. Each time, with his talons hooked into my well-protected arm and with his huge 7-foot wing strokes, Silver had almost flown away with me. As soon as Swamiji saw Silver, he held up his arm in a gesture indicating that he wanted to hold him. Well, in the first place, I had on the only set of thick double gloves and leather sleeve, and all Swamiji had over his arm was his rain cape. In ad-



"When a man becomes steadfast in his abstention from harming others, then all living creatures will cease to feel enmity in his presence."

— Patanjali's Yoga Sutras Book II, Sutra 35

dition, Silver was still totally "freaked out" by humans. Yet I felt I could not refuse. So, slowly, I backed Silver from my arm onto Swamiji's, and as Shanthi and I looked on in awe, Silver became perfectly calm as Swamiji talked with him face to face. Then, as soon as Swamiji transferred Silver back again to my arm, Silver began his giant wing strokes, screeched his defiant call, and tried to take off with me. Had Shanthi not been filming the whole event I would have considered it a dream. But all who have seen the film can testify to Swamiji's Shaivite aura.

Afterward, we strolled over to see another giant sky bird, our largest eagle named "Altair." She is a wild Golden Eagle, who by nature is the most dangerous bird of prey. She latched onto my arm and wouldn't let go. Now eagles are terribly strong, especially in their talons. Some eagle trainers — of whom

there are only a few in the world — claim that in pounds per square inch the force of an eagle's talons is equal to the strength of the mountain lion's jaw. The more I tried to release Altair the more she tightened down. Swamiji suggested that I lay her on her back, which I did, but still she clamped down. Then slowly he walked up, reached down with his bare hands and lightly separated her huge talons from my gloved arm. She lay there on the ground peacefully as I removed my arm.

As I drove home at the end of the day, I was blissful and yet stunned by the day's events. All I could do was Mantra Japa for the rest of the evening. Luckily, Shanthi was along to record the day with her camera, or who could believe such a story. When I told Mary Rose about it the next day at the Zoo, she thought I had been doing too much Bhastrika.

Doing Prayer

EASTERN AND WESTERN APPROACHES AT NOTRE DAME

Last year, a five-day workshop entitled "Doing Prayer" was conducted at the University of Notre Dame for 190 Catholic nuns and priests, whose job it is to teach other members of the clergy. Each of the five days was to be given over to one person to give the group practical experience in a particular form of prayer.

Sri Swami Satchidananda was asked to represent the Eastern form of prayer, in a program to be given on the second day. He gratefully accepted this opportunity to serve them and promised to do all he could. Because of Swamiji's busy schedule, he was able to spend only the first two days at the conference. On the first day he participated with great interest in the program given by Rev. Morton Kelsey on image prayer. Rev. Kelsey led the group by describing in detail an inspiring scene from the life of Christ for all to visualize internally. Afterward, Swamiji quietly told a small group that in India this practice is often done. When Swamiji himself lived at the Palani Hill Temple in South India, each morning he would

walk several miles around the temple, and then up the hundreds of steps to the top where a priest would perform a service before the Deity. The entire occurrence would take several hours yet after coming down, he would again sit for meditation and mentally recreate the experience step by step in minute detail. And as a form of meditation many devotees who live too far away from a favorite holy place sit and make a mental pilgrimage. If done with sincere faith and devotion, they too could experience the Lord's presence or Darshan.

The second day began with an early morning Hatha Yoga class for more than 150 of the sisters and priests, taught by Swamiji, with a demonstration by Hari (who came from Satchidananda Ashram for the program). Afterward, in a joyous mood, they all did walking meditation across the campus to the main lecture room. At their request Swamiji performed a beautiful Puja (worship service). As always he began with some prayers and chanting. In a way we had never seen him do before, Swamiji simply and softly explained the meaning of each action as he lit the candle, offered the flames, and so on. Afterwards, he led the way downstairs where a vegetarian lunch was waiting for all. As we entered the dining room chanting, each person took a candle and lit it from the single flame that Swamiji had brought from the altar. Soon the room was full of glowing lights reflecting shining faces as all followed Swamiji in a prayer of thanksgiving. They had previously requested Swamiji to suggest a menu for the meal and all enjoyed his choice of cream-of-wheat pudding, steamed vegetables, bread, yogurt and fruit with mint tea.

Professor William Storey, the theological leader of the conference, began the program in the afternoon by thanking Swamiji for the experience of the Puja.

'I don't know whether some of you felt nostalgic. In some ways it was a very foreign experience; in other ways, however, it would have been very familiar to you if you have any love for Catholic ritual liturgy.

'The Swami is a consummately good celebrant. It is clear, I think, to everyone that he knows how to do religious acts with grace, with style, and with a kind of ritual splendor. Each gesture, the flower gestures, and all the small things of lighting the candle, or incense coals, were done not only with reverence (that would be a real understatement) but were done in a way that fully communicated the importance of that particular event. Now we Christians are not without the sacred meal, nor without candles, or incense; sometimes we even have holy men, although rarely. But all the haste and artlessness that so frequently characterizes our liturgies was missing. And that, I think, is subject for much meditation on our part. I think we might meditate on this experience, in order to ask ourselves some very serious questions.

'Another aspect which struck me very much, especially in the chanting, was the value of the repetition, of the mantra, of what we call the 'litany' kind of prayer. I must say that Catholics have had a penchant in the last decade for expunging from their heritage some of the things that are most valuable. I'll give an example that I suppose will shock a lot of people. It seems to me that we have lost, and deliberately lost, both litany, repetitious Kyrie, and the rosary. As a matter of fact, most Catholics would not be caught dead doing any of these forms of prayer nowadays.

'It has been my experience, not only this morning but for many years, that the repetition or chanting of formulae with the lips, or mentally, or above all when the mind descends into the heart, is the most important, most cen-

tral and most contemplative form of prayer and also the most simple. And I think, because we have experienced it in another cultural form, that perhaps we might be able to see its possibilities once again. We might be able to divorce ourselves from our bad experiences and look at our past with new insight. I don't know whether you know it but the Marian Rosary, when it was introduced into the Church, was always sung as a prayer. When it was introduced it was intended to be used exactly in the same way as the chanting was used this morning.

'One thing that struck me enormously was that the preparation for prayer was not a kind of accident. I remember all the old pious manuals that used to exhort one to prepare the soul for prayer — you don't tempt the Lord by rushing into His presence and banging on the table. You must learn to enter into peace and quiet and repose. I don't think we Christians are very good at that. We often oust from our common-day religious experience those things that let us grow into a kind of peace, such as a few moments of preparatory music — a simple chant or the long repetitive psalmody with which the ancient offices always began. I was simply taught once again not to thrust myself into the midst of a sacred activity, not to act like a barbarian, not to use the same savagery on God that we normally use on our fellow men. But instead, to approach with reverence, awe and respect. To learn to be still and to learn that we are bodies as well as souls. It takes a considerable amount of quieting before we can be still. I say that not just in regard to prayer either. It has always been my conviction (and I suppose it's a basic enough Christian conviction) that prayer should have something to do with life (and it would be nice if we were as civilized as our teacher today and could bring the good manners and res-



pect and reverence to worship that he can). I think if we try out our conviction about the necessity of approach and preparation, we might find in the liturgy and in our worship a source of peace and quiet and civilized behavior which will carry over; we might be able to approach men and women with something of the same reverence with which we approach God.

"Let me say one thing negative which I hate even to bring up. But I feel obliged to do it simply because of the job I've been asked to do. I have a very difficult time understanding how to safeguard certain Christian dogmas, that I think are essential, from a kind of all-devouring Hindu spirituality. I say that as respectfully as possible, because of all the religions which I know anything about, it's apparent to me and to many others that Hinduism and Christianity are most alike. I'm sure if you have been listening and feeling a bit you will

sense that. At the same time, Hinduism always seems to me like a great sanctified religious blotter that sucks up everything in sight. It usually transforms it beautifully; it doesn't devour it but fits everything into this beautiful, overpowering system. In fact, it looks so lovely that it makes me feel like a barbarian even to bring the subject up.

"I'd better give an example from what was said this morning of the kind of thing that makes me nervous. Swamiji made one remark about eating an apple, as eating God's body. I try to understand what he's saying, and I think I do understand. But for me, and for the normal orthodox Christian, there are serious distinctions among the kinds of 'presence' of God and I have to safeguard them as best I know how by speaking very distinctly about it. It's a kind of perpetual problem, almost impossible to put into words: Christ as being present in every man (which

is obviously a great theological truth, however much we violate it) and Christ as being present in the Eucharist. They are not the same form of presence. The transforming power of God, as I understand it from a Christian point of view, which can take place because of the yielding character of bread and wine, doesn't take place so easily in man because of the unyielding character of flesh and blood. And the Eucharistic words which are said both over the bread and wine and over the congregation to make them both the body of Christ quite obviously work on the first and quite obviously don't on the second — to quote our common experience. So, it's when you get into these distinctions of presence that I start feeling uneasy, because I start feeling 'absorbed.' But that's quite enough on that because I'm afraid it'll put a damper on all the positive things I've said, which I mean very profoundly. Swamiji, why don't you comment a bit?"

Swamiji:

"Well, a little on the last point, which our Father Storey was a little hesitant to say. It's right for you to think that way. And I'm very happy in hearing all your comments about the Puja performance. At the same time I would like to remind you that not all Hindu Swamis and priests perform the Puja in the same way. I myself am not satisfied with many of the Hindu priests. I used to shout at them! This kind of mechanical service you find everywhere. Just don't take me as an example of all Hindus. In fact, I never learned this from any of my predecessors or masters. I'm just doing it in my own way. It will just happen if you have the right attitude, that's all. You don't need to copy anything. You just feel the presence of the Lord; you don't even need to intellectually imagine that way or create a feeling. It should come from within, and this you don't see every-

where and every time. I have seen some Eucharists performed by Christian priests and I felt the same way — so beautiful and reverential — but not always. To put it in plain language, let us know that every house has a back door.

"Getting to the last point, of seeing God's body in an apple. I'd like to ask, Is there anything wrong in seeing the Lord's body in an apple? Do we in any way bring Him down to our level or commit any sin in seeing it like that? He may not be present in the same way as the Eucharist. But where is the harm in seeing Him. On the contrary, we are elevating the apple to that level. It depends upon your feeling. Not that all the people who receive communion see the same way, feel the same way. To be more frank I have taken many communions and been watching many times the Catholic friends who come and take the communion, how they chew. Probably to them it is just a piece of bread and they take it as a Eucharist. But when I receive it, I feel that I am actually hurting Him. So it's the Bhavana, as we call it, the *feeling* behind. If you have the right feeling, everything is the Lord's body. After all, what is Christ, who is He? Just a body? We say Christ was crucified. What is it that was crucified? What is it that you see on the Cross? Certainly not Christ. Nobody can touch Christ. Nobody can nail Christ. He is the true Spirit of God. It is the body that has been nailed, the body in which Christ lived. When you talk about "Christ being born in you," you mean the Spirit. The Spirit is always in you, untainted, unaffected by all these things. So as such it is the Son of God, the God Himself. So every expression of God is the Son of God. An apple is the Son of God. We can treat it like that, if we can see it that way. We see the Mother Earth. Anything that comes from the Mother



Earth is Mother's milk. It is the essence of Mother. So there is nothing wrong in seeing everything as Divine. In that way, when you eat that apple, the apple becomes a vehicle to invoke your true Spirit. That's how I feel. But don't try to put it in any bottle and say this is how a Hindu feels. I am not here as a Hindu. If you want to call me a Hindu, then I am a true Hindu, not a sectarian Hindu. A true Hindu, as Father Storey said, is a person who embraces everything. When I had the opportunity to be in a congregation like this in Manila, one of the Fathers came forward and said, 'Swami, you really have converted us.' With all politeness and reverence I had to say, 'I'm sorry, but I am not here to convert anybody, but I would like to absorb everybody – and to *get* absorbed.' Hindu is an English word, but if you say it in Sanskrit it is 'Sindu.' Sindu means the ocean. The ocean will never refuse any water, whether it is from the Ganges or from the gutter. And it will transform that into holy water also. A Hindu believes everything, respects everything. It's not the thing by itself which has any value, it's the way you look at it, the way you treat it. That's why if you treat everything as Divine, it becomes Divine. If you have the faith, you receive the benefit. But if you don't have the faith, then even in the Eucharist, the bread and wine, you may not see anything. The Spirit of Christ will not come and prick you to have faith. Personally I feel that when I walk on the Earth, I am walking on

the breast of my Mother; when I sleep, I feel I am sleeping on Her lap. And that's why, if I have hurt anybody's feeling or faith, I sincerely apologize. I do not mean to criticize, that would be the worst sin I could commit."

A Father in the audience stands up and speaks:

"Swami, I'd like to share something that is becoming part of my realization in the last couple of days. I sense that I have not become what I am supposed to be. And I think the interest that we Christians have in the East is not in setting aside what we are, but in the awareness of the men of the East: the Swami who has become who he says he is. If I, as a Christian, were to become completely who I say I am, I think I, too would be able to go beyond the Eucharist to the apple. The real rock between us is that many of us have not really become who we say we are, so we dogmatically think that the apple can't be Jesus. But if we become like St. Francis, for example, what would we see that apple to be? I can sense it has to do with what we really are, rather than just cold dogma of what we ought to be."

The participants were very happy and inspired by Swamiji's presence and teachings, which could be seen in the following incident. Late that night, as Swamiji rested, in the hallway outside his hotel room door the same Father who had spoken from the audience – sat meditating.

Shanthi Zupan

If one refrain not from hurting people,
His longing for respect and honor
is merely wishful thinking.

— M. J. Nepa

Sally Satya me!

Sally (Satya) Kirkland, a devotee of Swamiji's, wrote and read the following poem on the occasion of Swamiji's visit to Los Angeles on his way to Hong Kong.

Thank you for the opportunity of this
precious time
I'd like to try some Yogic iambic
pentameter rhyme

I'd like to reminisce to when it all
began
To when this one became a
Satchidananda Fan

DECEMBER 22, 1969
was the auspicious date

I arrived at the Community Church
(if a little late)
The room was filled with orange
balloons
Pajamas
And a Saint

I have to tell you, seeing this Saint –
I felt a little faint

I had seen his poster in New York
On many a devoted wall

But seeing – feeling – sensing
the PRFSENCE
Wasn't the same at all

My whole life changed – in that moment
When he looked into my eyes
In that MOMENT I knew for sure
There would never again be lies

"You're O.K. Sally," he seemed to tell
me
"Being Sally is O.K."

I was looking in his eyes – the mirror –
The tears they were at bay

NEVER HAD I SEEN SUCH BEAUTY
SUCH ALLOUT SELFLESS LOVE
I FELT DEAR FRIENDS – FORGIVE
THE CLICHE –
AS PEACEFUL AS A DOVE

I KNEW FROM THAT MOMENT ON
MY LIFE INSURANCE WAS PAID
I KNEW FROM THAT MOMENT ON
I WOULD NEVER BE AFRAID



Funny how one moment is all it takes
For God to be revealed –
Once the seed is planted
You are packaged, signed and sealed

All my life I had been looking
For God to say hello
All my life I had been looking
To say YES instead of NO

In '66 I gave up
And tried to take my life
Funny, that same summer
Swami came to end all strife

In '69 his presence made known
He burned my Karmic pain
I knew once and for all – Thank God –
I never had been insane

As he played the piper's song
God's children – they all came
The rich, the poor, the young, the old
The souls – a little lame

He took our souls in his hands
And nourished them with Bliss
Goodbye acid, mescaline
We're high without your kiss

He gave me such a Family
Such a highness all around
For four years now my calloused feet
Have never touched the ground

He taught me I was God Himself
And every being me
He taught me no more separation
He taught me I was FREE

"We are all the same," he told me
"God, me, and you"
It blew my mind to pieces
When I realized it was true

'Do unto others as you would have done
Had never made much sense
It had been there all along
But Sally – she was dense

"Every word – action – deed," he said
"Should help and never hurt –

Whitewash your tongue, clean up your
act
Get rid of all that dirt"

He taught me not to preach with words
What actions could better show
"Open up your heart," he told me
"Let the Love – just F L O W

"Let the love envelop the world
So lonely for its touch
Let the world feel its carress
It needs it oh so much

"Unadulterated straight-out love
Is the only high
Love can teach your virgin soul
To never ever die"

The spirit of detachment, though
Was hard to understand –
Attachment to being a Yogi
Was very close at hand

Me! Big Guru Satya!
For a while became my cry
Ego! I still had a lot
I cannot tell a lie

But Swamiji's always here for us
When we choose to see –
Patiently sitting holding out his hand
Offering us the Key

He loves us so much more
Than even can be said
He wants us all, you see
With God to be wed.

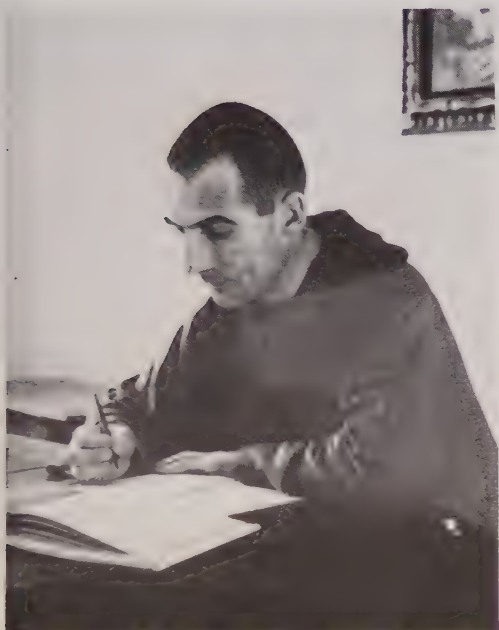
I love you Swamiji
I know I speak for all
Sometimes you make us feel so high
We're walking 8 feet tall

I love you Swamiji
In 1973
Four years later after the fact

signed your child
Sally
Satya
me

ABOUT THE HEART

(IN A SOFT VOICE)



The following letter was received by Brother David, in response to his invitation to readers to correspond with him through the magazine.

Dear Brother David,

I'd like to bring up a question about something that has been on my mind for some time. It has to do with the heart, or what we call the heart.

The heart is a great symbol in spiritual life and in Christianity especially.

But the fact is that I don't know what the heart is. When people talk about the heart they seem to do so in a number of ways. In a general sense, it seems to refer to the feelings;

at other times, to love and devotion. It also refers to courage and faithfulness (as when a fighter is said to have heart). And sometimes it refers to one's basic attitude toward life (as when we say, he had a change of heart). Probably there are other meanings, and probably they are all interrelated. But with some of them, I feel left out.

I tend to think of the heart in terms of courage and faith in terms of faithfulness. I don't find in myself those emotions and feelings, especially love and devotion, which seem so intimately associated both with the heart and religion. So the question comes down to this: What is the heart? And do I need to develop that, or should I leave it alone, and follow my own path (centered more on intellect and will)? And if I should need that, how in practice do I develop the heart?

There are questions which ought to be answered with a strong voice, but the question you have asked me today should be answered in a whisper. If we speak at all about the heart, we must speak softly and sparingly. And yet, this is not a topic we could simply leave alone. Concern for the heart means concern for the sacred secret of our innermost being. Your question zeros in on the crucial task of our spiritual life, on our "need to develop the heart," as you call it. "With utmost concern take care of your heart," says the Bible (Proverbs 4:23), and this is simply the Biblical expression for what we call spiritual practice. Since most of us in the West have roots in the Biblical tradition, intellectual honesty demands that we try to understand at least its key concepts, and "heart" is certainly one of them. We have a right, moreover, to search for the authentic meaning of these key concepts, and as we set out on this search we make two surprising discoveries: for one thing, spiritual practice really exists in Bib-

lical tradition (there is more to it than Sunday school, Hebrew camp, or catechism classes would have ever made us suspect), and while the Biblical approach is distinctly different, the practical goal is far more similar to that of other paths than doctrinal differences might have led us to believe. Both discoveries hinge in a special way on the key word "heart."

Your question, "What is the heart?" provides a fine starting point. Surely the heart isn't merely a symbol for our emotional life. Using a colloquial expression, we might say of an overemotional fellow that he has "the heart of a whale, but the brain of a mosquito." Well, that's not the way the Bible uses the term. In Biblical language, "heart" means our whole being, not one or another part of it; rather the center, the source, the taproot of our being. With St. Augustine we could say, "Give me a lover, and he will know what I mean!" A lover who says, "I will give you my heart," does not mean part of himself, not even the best part; he means his whole being. We cannot even say that the bodily heart becomes here a symbol for a purely spiritual concept. "Heart" stands for an insight which is conceived before we ever begin to think conceptually; it stands for the fact that I can gather myself together and give myself away in that give-and-take which we call life. And, since I not only have a body but am some-body, this ingathering and outpouring finds expression in my pulsating heart. Located at the center of my body, at the intersection of its horizontal and its vertical axes, halfway between sex organs and brain, my heart constantly takes in and sends out the blood which keeps my body alive.

As long as the heart is alive, it constantly sends forth and takes in. Outpouring and ingathering, journey and home, are inseparably united in its dynamic reality. We can learn to under-

stand some of the mystery of the heart — our own mystery — by looking at the image of home and journey.

Only with reference to a home is our journey truly a journey; otherwise we would merely be drifting. "Home is where we start from," says T.S. Eliot in *Four Quartets*. Yet, quoting from the same poem,

"What we call the beginning is often
the end
And to make an end is to make a be-
ginning."

"We shall not cease from exploration,
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first
time."

We may call this place home or we may call it heart. As point of reference it constitutes the decisive difference between an explorer and a drifter. The explorer is characterized by courage (a word that stems from the same linguistic root as heart, though not obviously so), while the drifter has lost heart. Home and journey together constitute the creative polarity of the heart, the two dimensions we must cultivate if we want to "develop the heart." But "how, in practice, do we go about it?" you ask. What we have just now considered may have brought us one step closer to an answer. We shall have to do both: find our true home and venture out; but we shall accomplish neither, unless we accomplish both.

To understand in what sense the heart is to be a home, we must realize that the prototype of the home in Biblical tradition is not the sturdy house, but the "sukkah," the booth or tabernacle built of green branches. On the Feast of Sukkoth (or Tabernacles) a poor Jewish family may build one of these booths on a fire-escape between

tenement houses in New York City and there celebrate the joyous memory of the time when the Chosen People on their journey through the wilderness knew what a home was. It was then that the sides were so loosely constructed that one could see through to the neighbor's booth, and the roof was open enough to let one see the stars in the desert night; this is still the traditional way of building the sukkah. Awareness of the Mystery above and of the neighbor nextdoor (supporting, or in need of support) — this double awareness constitutes in Biblical tradition the place of the home, the heart. To face the aloneness we feel when we look up to the stars, and to face the needs of those near us, these two together make us in practice develop the heart by bringing us home where we belong. Yet, let us not forget that this is a sojourner's shelter.

The journey, on the other hand, is always a journey home: "...the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started..." However, until we arrive we are always venturing out into the unknown. We have no assurance. We must find our own path; no other can be substituted. We need courage. Rabbi Levi Yitzhak, one of the Hassidic Saints, beautifully expressed this courage of the sojourner when he prayed: "Lord of the World...I do not beg you to reveal to me the secret of your ways — I could not bear it. But show me one thing; show it to me more clearly and more deeply; show me what this, that which is happening at this very moment, means to me, what it demands of me, what you, Lord of the world, are telling me by way of it."

"Show me what it means to me!" This is the prayer of the heart on its dark journey. As the eye perceives light and the ear perceives sound, so the heart is the organ that perceives meaning. But this presupposes the courage to listen to the message and to

rise to what it demands of me — the courage to say "Yes."

You might have been wondering where love would come in. This, now, is the point. Love is the unconditional "yes" of the heart. Or better still, as e.e. cummings put it, "What yes is to if, love is to yes." The "yes" of love is all-embracing. If we said "yes" to the journey without saying "yes" to the home, our courage might deteriorate into faithless recklessness. But if we said "yes" to the home only, not also to the journey, our faithfulness might shrivel into narrow timidity. Only the all-embracing "yes" of love closes the arc between the poles of the heart, thus welding together faithfulness and courage. We learn to say the "yes" of faithfulness by being faithful, and the "yes" of courage by overcoming our fears one by one. It takes a lifetime and death is the final test. To say "yes" with one's whole heart, that is spiritual practice according to Biblical tradition — at least this is one way of putting it.

You can see for yourself how close this comes in practice to the goal of other spiritual paths, Zen, Yoga, even to a Yaqui way of knowledge. In the Christian tradition the "yes" of the heart is said with a view to Him Who is called "God's 'Yes'" (2 Cor. 1:20). He was born on a journey and spent His life trying to bring the whole world home to where He lived: at the intersection of God's "yes" to man and man's "yes" to God and neighbor. This intersection is reflected in the two beams of the cross on which He died. His heart was opened by a soldier's lance, and it stood open while many passed by on their journey.

Peace to you! (Or shall I wish you "con-cord," which literally means harmony of hearts?)

Your brother David

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE BOY WHO OWNED THE WORLD

Once there were two brothers, a big brother and a little brother. They were good friends and played together, but the big brother was always tricking the little brother out of whatever the little brother had. He usually did this by taking anything — a stick, a stone, or even a button — and pretending to have so much fun with it that the little brother always ended up wanting it. Then the big brother would offer to trade it for whatever he wanted from the little brother.

One day the little brother found a dollar, and the big brother, thinking of all the things he could buy for a dollar, tried to trick him in the usual way. But this time he failed, for nothing he could think of seemed to the little brother to be worth a whole dollar. Then the big brother hit upon an idea. He wrote up a deed to the world. And he sold it to his brother for the dollar.

"Boy," thought the little brother, "now I own the whole world!"

The next day, as the two brothers went for a walk near an orchard, the little brother thought: "All these beautiful things — the sun, the sky, the trees, and the apples — are mine. Everything is mine." He looked around and was content.

But the big brother, looking at the same scene, and feeling that everything belonged to someone else, wanted something of his own. Greedily, he loaded up his pockets, his jacket, and even his hat with apples and started for home.

"What are you doing stealing my father's apples," said an angry voice. It belonged to the son of the man who "really" owned the orchard.

The big brother was really scared. "Oh, don't tell," he begged, and in the end he had to give the boy the dollar to keep him quiet.

The big brother was really mad that he hadn't had a chance to spend the dollar. But a few days later, he got another chance. The brothers' rich uncle came to visit. Neither of the brothers liked the uncle very much, because he was gruff and never smiled. But that night he gave each of the brothers a pair of his boots to polish, and he said he would give a dollar if he was satisfied with the job.



The older brother, though he wanted the dollar, could not bring himself to do a very good job. He did not like his uncle much, and besides, he felt that polishing somebody else's boots was a very lowly job.

But the younger brother, even though he did not particularly like his uncle either, did an excellent job, because he still believed that everything in the world really belonged to him — even his uncle's boots.

The old uncle was so pleased with the job that the little brother did that he not only gave him a dollar, but he smiled for the first time in years.

When the big brother saw that, he decided that he was going to get that dollar away from his little brother too. He tried tempting him with all kinds of things — skate keys, bubble gum cards, a catcher's mitt — but the little brother just put the dollar in his pocket and said: "What do I need any of that stuff for. After all, I own the whole world."

And even though, as time went on, the little brother lost the deed, he never lost the feeling that the world was his. And no one was ever able to trick him again.

— Frank Asch

disciple's view

Looking at the picture that accompanies this article, I can not help but hear the voices out there murmuring, "What can a clown have to do with Yoga?" At first, it may seem strange to hear how a clown relates to the Guru, but this is not without precedent. From the Middle Ages, there is the story of the Tumbler of Our Lady. He was a monk who, before he took the holy vows and entered the monastic life, had earned his living as a dancer and acrobat. He had no other skills and at the monastery could only do the most simple and common work. He was sad because he felt he had nothing to offer to God to show his love and devotion. One night, in utter despair, he went to the chapel and in front of the statue of our Lady Mary he danced and did acrobatics, expressing in the only way he knew how his love for the Lord. The other monks, who chanced to see him dancing in the chapel of God, were horrified at his unseemly conduct. But Our Lady was so well pleased with him that she graced him with her vision and with her veil reached down and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

And there is St. Francis of Assisi, who has had a strong influence in my life. In his adolescence he was a troubadour and, along with a group of his friends, would go out under the stars and wander about the streets singing romantic songs and pining for love. Not love for any particular lady, but for the elusive and illusory ideal of love. When his spirit awakened, he continued to sing his love songs, but now to his beloved One. He became Le Jongleur de Dieu, performing for the Lord, dancing to His tune, for His entertainment. I feel a certain closeness to Francis because at first I was a fool, but Swamiji made me into a "holy clown."

I became Swamiji's clown on Halloween in 1972, at a costume party at the New York IYI. I did cartwheels and tumblesaults, turning head-over-heels for Swamiji, and he really liked it. Perhaps it reminded him of the little boy Ramu and the circus that camped on the field next to his house in South India.

At the party Swamiji talked about our costumes, and he said we should remember our regular daily dress, body and mind are also a costume that we have put on, and that underneath is the real person, the Atman. Life is a play and we are all masquerading.

What Swamiji said that night really moved me, because it was exactly what I had been feeling. But even more important to me is to be in the position of being able to entertain our Lord and to see his face lighten by smiles. It is truly an enlightening experience as to what joy can be.



Every time I leave the room, I close the door because I remember Swamiji taught me to do that — otherwise what purpose does the door have for its existence, if we do not use it well? We might as well take it off its hinges and store it somewhere



Every time I use more than one match stick I remember Swamiji and the little boy Ramu who learned how to light many candles with only one match so that his mother could afford to be generous.

Every time I leave something undone or unfinished, I think of Swamiji and remember that Yoga is perfection in action.

Every time I have an unkind thought, I remember Swamiji, and the perfect love he has for us all.

Every time I put on my orange scarf, I think of Swamiji, and I remember how it was given and how it was received.

And I remember the story of the candle that once lit, gives and gives its light, even if there is no one to appreciate it. And I remember that Swamiji is like that candle because he gives light to us even though sometimes we are too blind to see it. I remember and I want to be like that.

— Sister Saraswati Chaitanya

"We don't lose anything by coming together, caring and sharing. See how much we enjoy now? The dedication of this Ashram has brought us that experience of community. We are tasting that. And I am sure this taste will create more and more interest, to taste more and to share it with others."

— Sri Swamiji,
at the dedication
of Yogaville,
one year ago





YOGAVILLE - One Year Later



It has been one year now since the first six pioneer Yogis moved into their summer villa turned Satchidananda Ashram-Yogaville. That year has seen many wonderful times, and much growth, and we would like to look back and recollect it, to share it with you.

It began at 8 in the morning on March 7, 1973, when the first six Yogis, headed by Hari, arrived in a huge, overloaded truck and a smaller pickup. Having gotten off to a late start the night before, they had been traveling all night. It was still winter and there was snow on the ground. The villa was huge and empty and in need of fixing up, looking more like a mausoleum than an ashram. So, after two hours of sleep, our band began the first of many days of unrelenting Karma Yoga, scraping, cleaning, repairing, painting.

In the beginning it was hard work and more hard work. The six became seven and then eight, but they had their hands full, maintaining the large villa and other buildings on this 58-acre property, and laying the foundation for the growth to come. In addition

there was the preparation for the official dedication ceremony, to take place on Saturday, April 14. The night before, people worked until dawn to get everything ready. Guests who arrived early were shown where to place their belongings, and then given a paint brush. Finally, just in time, the preparations were complete — and the day of the dedication turned out to be a glorious success. It was the first warm day of the year, and 800 people came to the Ashram: friends from all over the country as well as the interested from nearby communities. That afternoon Swamiji spoke and a surprise visit was made by Swamiji's good friend, Rabbi Gelberman. The official launching of the Ashram was truly auspicious.

No sooner was the housewarming over than there was the April Retreat with Swamiji at Camp Hadar, and then the planning and organizing of the giant June Retreat at Monticello, N.Y., a retreat which was blessed with the presence of many spiritual teachers and which was attended by more than 600 persons.

It was after this retreat that life

really began to change at Yogaville. Before then, life here had been self-contained and intimate: a small group of brothers and sisters working together. Swamiji was still living a couple hours away, in Danbury, Connecticut, and there were few visitors — though the Ashram was blessed in May when Sant Keshavadas gave Satsang here. But in the weeks that followed the June Retreat there was an influx of visitors and of new family members, some of them now from California. It was at this time that the ongoing retreat program began here at the Ashram, whereby people who wish to do so can stay as guests for a week-end or a week or longer.

And also at this time, in early July, a long-awaited step was taken: Sri Gurudev moved his residence to nearby Brooklyn, Connecticut, to help us make the fledgling community into an ashram. He initiated twenty-five brothers and sisters into Brahmacharya Diksha, or pre-Sannyas monkhood. From then on, these brothers and sisters would wear the yellow clothing with the orange scarf which would signify their intention of leading a dedicated life of renunciation. And, the following week, Swamiji conducted a beautiful Yoga wedding for eight couples.

Throughout the summer, Sri Gurudev was with us almost every day: from temple to garden, print shop to kitchen. His strict but loving guidance was felt in every aspect of ashram life. Nothing went unnoticed or neglected by him. Like a Papa training his young children, he worked with us tirelessly.

Also during this summer, we were blessed by the presence of many devotees and friends of Swamiji. Sohini, Swamiji's oldest devotee, from Bombay, stayed with us during the month of July. Also visiting were Swami Nirmalananda, who stayed at the Ashram for several days on his way back from the Monticello Retreat to his own

ashram near Oklahoma City; Ma Atmananda (Mataji) who runs the I Am Ashram in Thunder Bay, Canada; and Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan, Chairman of the Department of Philosophy at the University of Madras, an authority on Vedanta and a friend of Swamiji's.

In August, we were left to stand on our own feet while Swamiji visited



The Yogaville family in the summer of '73: Standing: Bhagavan, Gandhi, Sukumar, Sasi, Krishna, Frank, Jagadish, Gurudev, Krishna, Vishnu, Narada, Brahman and Shakti; Kneeling: Janani, Amaran, Jyothi, Hari, Muktan and Dharman; Sitting: Sri Ram, Balakrishna, Manorama, Saraswati, Janaki, Gowri, Sr. Amaleshwari and Devaki.

his California children. It was a little like school children left in the examination hall as the teacher gives the assignment and walks out. Our first assignment was to conduct a Labor Day Weekend Retreat here at the ashram, staffed, instructed, and run completely by the ashramites. Many had never staffed a retreat before, but it was a rewarding experience for all.

During the fall we were blessed again with Swamiji's presence. Often he would visit the Ashram unexpectedly, checking up on our work, and many evenings he would give unscheduled Satsang. These were wonderful days. They were days, too, which saw



Tulsi, Maji, and Divya performing for all at the dedication ceremony.

many other surprises and many beginnings. One of these was the announcement of the impending marriage of Hari and Shanthi. Hari, who was President of the Ashram, and Shanthi, who was Swamiji's personal secretary, were two of the senior-most members of Sri Swamiji's family. Along with another couple of long-time and much-loved devotees - Ravi and Padma - they were joined in marriage by Swamiji on October 26, in a beautiful and moving service.

And just the next evening was Halloween, which was celebrated by a costume party in Sivananda Hall. Each masquerader acted out his or her costumed role for the enjoyment of Swamiji and all. The costumes allowed for the most varied and individual expressions of each person, and as each took the opportunity to express their own devotion and spirituality through that, it made for a truly extraordinary evening.

Another beginning, one that had long been planned and long looked forward to, was the groundbreaking ceremony, on November 14, for Swamiji's new home. Designed by Steve Au, a devotee of Swamiji's who lives in Hawaii, this home is now being built here on the Ashram property.

And just around this time, again unexpectedly, Swamiji announced that shortly, in early December, he would

be leaving to visit his devotees in Hong Kong during the time of his Jayanthi and the holidays. But before the time for his departure came, there was one more special occasion. Yogi Bhajan and a group of his disciples graced the Ashram with their "healthy, happy, and holy" presence. Known as The Khalsa String Band, the group played wonderful spiritual "rock" music for us, filling our temple with their joyous vibrations. Swamiji and Yogiji toured the Ashram, and later we all shared an Indian feast. We had the feeling that day that our family had expanded, manifesting the truth of the Vedic assertion, that while "Paths are many, Truth is One."

So it was an eventful fall. New members continued to come to live at the Ashram. With the marriage of Hari, Brother Muktan, who had come to the Ashram from California, became our new President. We held another retreat during the Thanksgiving holiday, this time in Litchfield, Connecticut. Again, we staffed and ran the retreat ourselves. But Swamiji graced the final evening of the retreat with one of the most inspiring Satsangs we'd ever experienced. And also during this fall, we enjoyed visits to the Ashram by Kamala and Muni, devotees of Swamiji's from Fuji, and by Mr. C. V. Narasimhan, assistant to the Secretary General of the United

Nations and long-time friend of Sri Gurudev.

Shortly after Swamiji left for the Far East in December, the winter season made its grand entrance with an ice storm which downed the power lines and left the Ashram without electricity for three days. It was another test for all of us. As dedicated Karma Yogis worked long hours to get emergency systems going to save the pipes from freezing, the rest of us found that we could indeed live without what we had thought were necessities.

On December 22, we celebrated Gurudev's Jayanthi. It began with a Puja in the morning, and continued throughout the day, ending that evening when the family gathered together to recall and share personal experiences of Swamiji. During this time of December, Hanukkah was also observed, with talks, songs, prayers and Menorah lighting. And on Christmas Eve, at midnight, we conducted a Puja to the Infant Christ, with hymns in Spanish as well as English, and with each individual offering flower petals at the Christ child's cradle. Also, as part of the holidays, some of the members of the family went to a nearby hospital and nursing home to visit and to sing carols.

In January, Swamiji returned to the Ashram, but it seemed no sooner did he come than he was gone again. Unlike the halcyon days of summer and fall, it seemed as if Swamiji were traveling all the time now. This time he was off to Spain for two weeks. But when he was back from Spain, he was with us for the first three weeks in February, and during this time a lot of new energy was released, a lot of new plans and projects for the coming year were crystallized. Under Swamiji's review, the entire property was surveyed. And in conjunction with this, a map was drawn up, indicating

future sites for homes to be built for and by householders. For by this time, many couples had become interested, not just in living near the Ashram but in building here and becoming more integrated into the community. The first couple who had done so were Hari and Shanthi, who after their wedding, moved into an old house on the property which had been renovated for them during their honeymoon by some truly dedicated Karma Yogis.



Sri Gurudev talking with William T. McHue, architect, at the groundbreaking

In addition to laying plans for future building, Swamiji's house itself began to take shape. With the help of professional builders, the foundation was soon completed, and the walls began to go up. Before the winter was over, you could see the house taking shape, hopefully in time for Swamiji's return from New Zealand some time in April.

Also during these three weeks in February, before Swamiji's departure for New Zealand, there were several special occasions and celebrations. There was a Satsang on St. Valentine's Day; on this occasion different members of the family gave readings and performances on the theme of love, for Swamiji and for all. Two days later, on Saturday, February 16,



Swamiji's new home under construction.

Sri Swamiji and Yogi Bhajan touring the Ashram grounds



Swamiji performed a mantra initiation, initiated five disciples into pre-Sannyas, and conducted a group wedding for six couples. And finally, just before his departure, he attended a family meeting, where it was decided to adopt a new color of clothing. We decided that all those who have taken pre-Sannyas initiation will wear white rather than yellow, along with the orange scarf. And also, that all other members of the family will also wear white (though without the scarf). This will mean a real effort to stay neat and clean, but it will really look beautiful.

Once again, on the 19th of February, Swamiji left, to visit various IYIs across the country and to go to New Zealand, to chair the International Yoga Teachers Conference. It was not long after his departure, on March 7, that all the members of the family got together in the evening, and those who were the first six members, the pioneers, related to the rest of us the stories of those early days.

So that is the first year of Satchidananda Ashram-Yogaville. In that year our family has grown to over forty members, including two children. Couples will soon be building homes on the property. Both a community and an ashram have come into existence. But more than that: over the past year we have become a real family. Coming from all over the country, with diverse backgrounds and temperaments, some of us married, some of us single, some of us pre-Sannyas, we have become more and more what we call ourselves: brothers and sisters. We work and live together to make a reality of that dream that our beloved Gurudev first foresaw — in which the future of humanity would be a heaven, and its beginning, at least one of its beginnings, would be Yogaville. May we always live in the Light of that vision.

LOOKING AHEAD

Throughout our first year, all but the minimum staff needed to maintain the Ashram (receptionist, head of the kitchen, physical maintenance, and so on) have been working in the surrounding communities, often taking jobs which are not the most ideally suited to our ashram schedule. This has been necessary to put the Ashram on a firm financial basis. But now we are thinking and planning more and more for cottage industries, which will support us all and allow all of us to take part in this work.

One of the first steps in this direction is a bakery, started by Suchi and Akshyan ("The Blissful Bakers"), a couple who have lived across the road from the Ashram. The bakery is now moving into the Ashram and Suchi and Akshyan are planning to build a home on the Ashram grounds this spring.

Another step is a Yoga clothing industry. So far this has concerned itself primarily with making white asana outfits, and at present it is immersed in the task of making white clothing for all the members of the Ashram family, and for the family members of the Integral Yoga Institutes across the country as well.

Plans are also under way for a nursery school, which will serve the surrounding communities (as well as our own community). As time goes by it will be only natural for this to develop into a Yogic school for children

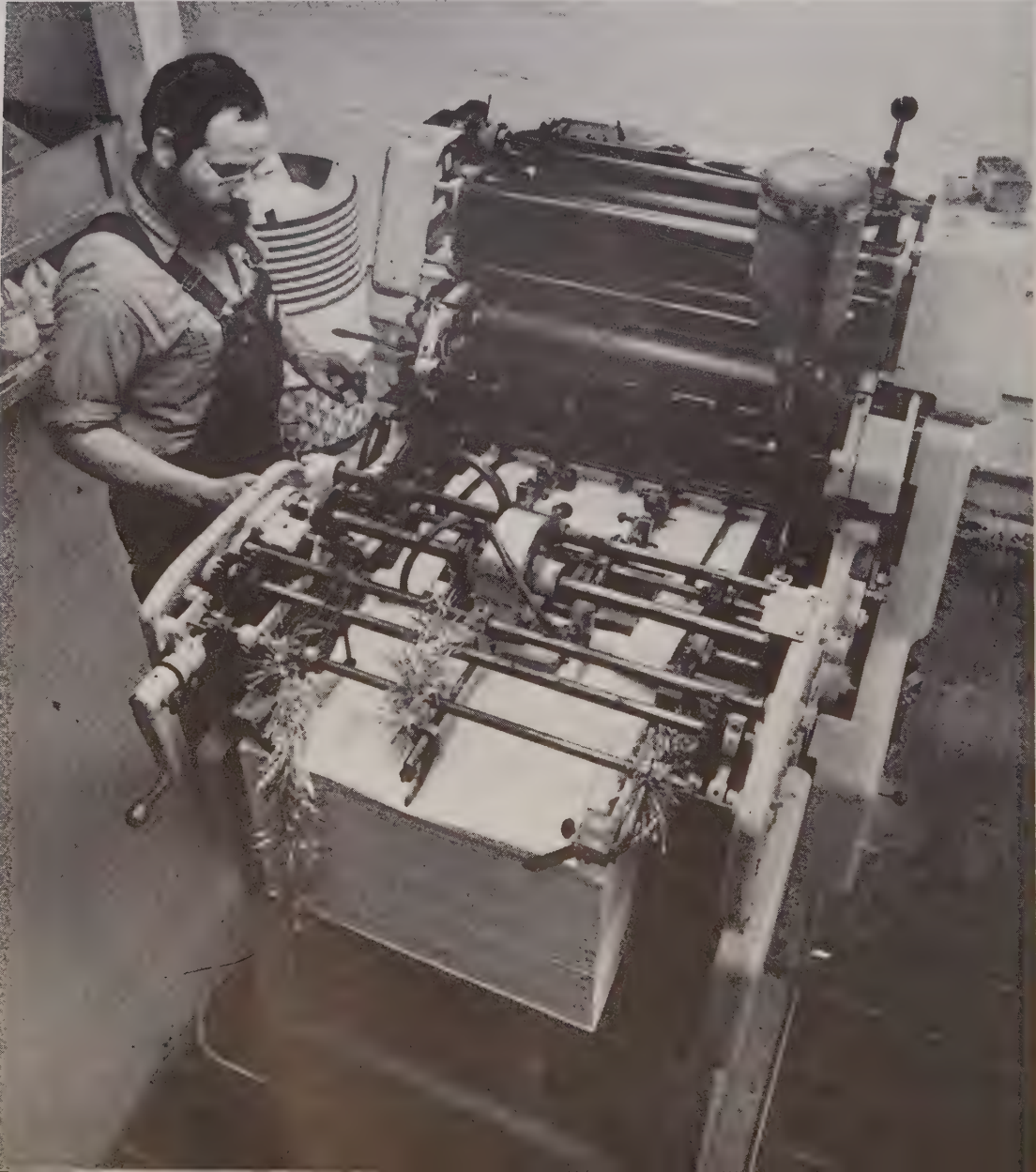
of older ages as well.

To be self-supporting agriculturally, we are moving ahead with well-laid plans for expanding our gardens and restoring the greenhouses next to them. With a background of practical experience in organic gardening, we hope to be able to provide all of our own food needs in the coming year.

But by far the largest "industry" we have yet undertaken is our own press and publication facilities. This represents a large-scale investment of time, energy, and money. The equip-

ment was originally purchased last fall, from Jarrett Press in New York. After setting up the equipment, our first practical experience came in printing the Jayanthi issue of the magazine. But the possibilities for the press are very great indeed. In addition to the magazine, we expect to begin soon to publish a series of booklets developed from Swamiji's talks and Satsangs. In this way, the press will serve as a major means of distributing the teachings of Integral Yoga and of Sri Swamiji.

Chaitanya Dubitsky, printer, at the Yogaville press.



GURU & DISCIPLE

Swamiji, I feel that I am a disciple of yours but in the practice of formal sadhana I don't do very much and this brings me a lot of pain and disturbance. Should I consider this pain part of my sadhana or should I make more effort to do the formal sadhana?

Well, it is part of your sadhana. Because almost all the devotees of God felt the pain of not doing enough to reach Him. They always thought of their mistakes, sins, "What is this I am doing? I am just posing as a great devotee but I'm not doing anything." That pain is a helpful thing. That reminds you where you are. If you don't feel bad about it, if you are just saying, "Okay, Swamiji said take it easy, if I don't meditate it doesn't matter," then you are not growing. When you are not really doing the right thing, you should really feel pain. That will help you in doing things. Otherwise you may pose as a devotee of Swami Satchidananda, when he comes you go, greet him, get a hug but when you go back home you don't follow any of his teachings; then you are a kind of hypocrite. You pose, but you are not really. So that should really cause you pain.

At the same time you should know your situation, your position, your station in life. See, you are the mother of three children, you are a wife, you have certain family responsibilities also. So if you cannot follow all these disciplines, getting up at a certain time and meditating for an hour and doing everything, you should not feel bad because you should not try to imitate the individuals. But if, due to your own laziness, you are not practicing then you should feel hurt. But if your responsibilities don't allow you to follow everything, there's an excuse for that. Because you still have your first and foremost responsibility as a wife and a mother. You have to take care of the children. That is also part of Yoga.

So, you should ask yourself, "Am I not following everything due to my laziness or due to my other responsibilities?" Then make the other responsibilities also part of your practice. For example, if you are all alone as an individual you may clean your altar and shrine room and decorate everything and sit and meditate. But as a mother every morning you have two, three deities to decorate. Pull them out of the bed, wash them, give them a nice bath, dress them well, feed them, that is the offering that you are giving to God. They are living gods in your home until you see them off to school. Ignoring them, if you go and sit and close your eyes and meditate, then God says, "What is this, I am in the form of your child in your home, you ignore me, you don't feed me, but you offer a cookie on the altar." That's what.

Householders should think that way. You have more opportunities to serve God in the living form, as your children, as your husband. The husband, himself, is God. You serve him and he treats you as Goddess in the house. That is what you call family life. They both see each other as divine beings. And they both see the children as gods in the house and the entire house is God's home. People call the ashram as Swamiji's house, decorate everything. But you can also say your house is my house, "Swamiji's house." Don't you keep my picture there? So it is my house then. (Response: Several.) So, every room has a picture, that means every room is my room. I am the presiding person there. So every time you walk into it, you are walking into my room, so you have to keep it clean. The children are my children, you are taking good care of them. Then your day-to-day activity itself becomes a sadhana. Don't think that sadhana means only sitting and meditating. You can convert every action as sadhana, as a practice.

Q Could you speak about your thoughts on death?

A About that I still have some time to think. And isn't it better to think about living now? And particularly useful living. If we think of the present state of living, death will take care of itself. But still, if you want me to think of death, I would say death is nothing but casting away the worn-out garment, that's all. The old garment is thrown out. It couldn't be repaired any more. You carried on with needle and thread constantly stitching, patching here and there, but now nothing can be patched any more, nothing can be stitched any more, so you just discard it. So death, the physical death, means: The body is discarded by you, by the soul. And then certainly you can't be naked, so you have to get another one, because you want to use the body for a certain purpose. And then you get another one and another one and another one, until the death of mind comes. When the death of mind happens, then you are totally free, then you realize that you are never born and never die. Because the soul is eternal, immortal. The soul has a shirt, the mind; and a coat for the body. So the normal death is the physical death. A spiritual death is the death of the mind or the ego. The ego gets itself annihilated totally, then the spirit shines. That's why, in the spiritual sense, we say one has to die to live. I think even in the Bible you come across such sayings. What does it mean? You have to die and be born again. Not the physical death but the death of the little self, the egoistic self. You have to be reborn.

Q Is it intellect which should guide our activities, or may we also let our feelings speak?

A Well, it's nice to have a combination. The head and the heart should work together. Mere intelligence alone is dry, and mere heart alone is completely wet. Neither can make a nice concrete work. For, when you want to make concrete, the water and the cement must be mixed properly. The civil engineers know that. So, let us have a concrete work by having a nice mixture of cement and water of the head and the heart.

OM COOKING

Baggers Banquet



One problem many vegetarians face is eating properly during their school or work lunch hour. Often, the food available offers little in the way of vegetarian fare, and – more generally – is neither pure nor well-prepared nor nourishing. But with a little planning, you can have a light and satisfying lunch by making your own and taking it with you. Here are some suggestions.

First, as you will not have cooking facilities, your lunch will necessarily consist primarily of raw foods, such as fruits, vegetables, and nuts. Instead of being discouraged by this, enjoy it. It is a kind of picnic, and raw foods are the most nourishing you can eat. But if you do want something warm, and you have access to hot water (there is available, inexpensively, a little electrical heating stick which you insert in a cup or bowl of water), then you can easily prepare a vegetable concentrate for soup, as well as tea with some herbal tea bags. Many people keep such concentrate and tea bags, along with a bowl and cup, at work.

If you wish, you can also keep a box of dry cereal or granola where you work,

as you can probably get some milk easily. And other dairy products, such as yogurt and cottage cheese, which go well with fruit, are also easily obtained.

But raw fruits and vegetables will probably serve as the main item in your lunch. Try some that you may not usually use, for instance, avocado (delicious with lemon juice or sprinkled with sea kelp, and extremely high in protein as well as easy to digest), zucchini, green peppers, cucumbers, pomegranates and mangos (in season).

You may prefer simply taking a few raw fruits and vegetables and eating them in their whole state. A good combination here is carrots, apples, and raisins. If you haven't the time or the patience to chew whole carrots – and all food should be chewed thoroughly – the carrots could be grated at home. But probably the general preference would be a salad. Here, too, try to keep it simple, not only because it is easier to digest but also because it is easier to prepare, and is just as delicious. A good salad would be: lettuce, tomato, avocado, some diced cheese and some almonds. For dressing, combine olive oil, honey, and fresh lemon juice in the proportion you find agreeable. This is an extremely nourishing salad. Another ingredient that is good to use, and easy to put in, is sprouts. You can experiment with your own combinations, and there are many good sug-



gestions in books such as Ten Talents and Ehret's Mucusless Diet Healing System.

Along with salad, you can take some good, organic bread. For a spread, there is tahini (made from ground sesame seeds); peanut butter, cashew butter, and other nut butters; and honey or maple syrup (which combine nicely with tahini and the nut butters). Or instead of bread you could bring crackers, such as Rye Crisp, along with a spread (cream cheese and dates are good).



If you would like to make a sandwich, one great combination is to buy pita bread (a round, flat Syrian bread, which is slit along one edge). You can stuff this with lettuce, tomato, and avocado (or any salad you have brought), mixing in some tahini as well. Or you could have a simple lettuce, tomato and cheese sandwich. But here, as in the case of the salad, and the dressing, do not mix the ingredients until lunchtime. We all know those soggy sandwiches and those limp salads.

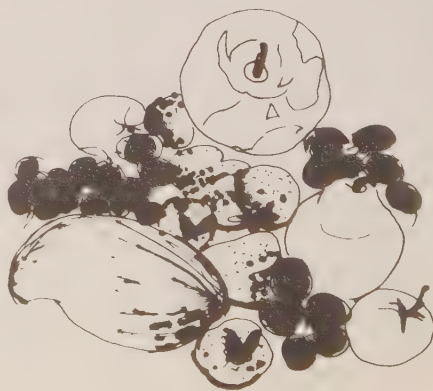
Another thing you might take, in a little plastic bag, is a mixture of dried fruits (say, raisins), nuts (cashews) and seeds (sunflower). This is a great combination in itself, at any time, but it can also be sprinkled onto your salad if you wish.

You can see that there is a veritable feast of possibilities. This is not the real problem. From the experience of those who have prepared their own

lunches, the main problems are strategic. The preparation should be easy and brief as possible. You can even make a little extra for your evening meal the night before, and set it aside for the next day's lunch. This will avoid the difficulty of preparing something as you are rushing to get ready to leave the next morning.

Also, of prime importance, get your food containers organized. With a little planning, this aspect can really be efficient and easy, rather than a mess and a hassle. Strong, small plastic bags with wire ties, or better yet, those which seal across the top simply by pressing them can be found in camping goods stores, as can a variety of rigid containers. You can also get a small camping knife that folds, for cutting cheese, fruit, etc. Get separate little containers for such things as salad dressings, sauces, etc. If you are into it, a good lunch pail is very practical but there are many other possibilities for containing food which are compact, spill-proof, and attractive.

The main thing is to keep everything as light and as simple as possible, not only as regards the combination and digestion of food, but also the preparation and the cleaning up. If you do this, you will really enjoy it. And then you can share your better way of eating with your friends at work or school, turning them on to food that is simple, satisfying, and easy to get along with.



news of **SWAMIJI**

At an early Jayanthi celebration in his honor on December 12, Swamiji blessed the new Los Angeles teaching center by lighting an eternal flame which now graces the altar. Later that evening Swamiji had a brief but happy reunion with his brother monk, Swami Vishnudevanandaji, and everyone present felt that the two arms of Master Sivananda were holding us in their warm embrace.

Swamiji left Los Angeles on December 13 and arrived in Hong Kong 24 hours later. He was welcomed into the home of the six Harilela brothers, their wives, families, and their mother Ammi. Although the wedding date was December 20, ceremonies and celebrations began days before and continued for many days after — and Swamiji attended them all. In addition, a remarkably full schedule of programs was set up for the two week stay which included both Swamiji's Jayanthi and Christmas. Majnu and Laila (Deena's new name) were married in a beautiful and sacred ceremony which took place with nearly 1500 family members and friends attending. Swamiji sat beside the couple during the ceremony and blessed them to lead a life full of love and dedication — to each other, and to the entire creation.

The following day Swamiji spoke at the South China Athletic Association to the students of a yoga class taught by Mrs. Ho. Since the class consisted of Chinese students, Mrs. Eva Kwan, daughter of Mrs. Ho, joyfully and ably acted as interpreter while Swamiji answered questions about Yoga and health. From there Swamiji went directly to the Hong Kong City Hall where Thelma (Shanthi) Heitmeyer holds classes. Mrs. Heitmeyer, Mrs. Ho and Eva have known Swamiji since his first visit to Hong Kong in 1958.

Swamiji also gave Satsangs at the home of the American Counsel-General,

The last several months have been ones of almost incessant travel for our beloved Gurudev. December brought him back into the welcoming arms of his Hong Kong devotees and friends. Because of some good advice Swamiji had given to young Majnu Harilela a year ago, Majnu and his family insisted that Swamiji be present on the joyous occasion of his wedding to Deena Sabnani. And because Majnu had followed the advice given to him so well, Swamiji arranged to be there.

The first step in the journey was a 3-day stay in Los Angeles. Swamiji arrived on December 10 and a large gathering of students came from all over California to greet him. As usual during his visits to Los Angeles, he stayed as a guest at the home of Carol (Karuna) King.

The next day Swamiji flew to San Diego to marry two close disciples, Ish (Ishwaran) and Brahmi Cowan. Swamiji piloted the small 4-seater plane himself. As he flew over the western White House at San Clemente, his flying instructor asked Swamiji to send "some good vibrations down that way." Swamiji answered that he was, indeed, doing just that.

Mr. and Mrs. David Dean, at the home of the Harilelas, and at the Hindu temple in Hong Kong. Swamiji's Jayanthi was celebrated on three occasions – the morning of the 22nd when some devotees surprised Swamiji with a lovely cake, later that day at the Heit-



Swamiji at the Los Angeles airport

meyer home (a double celebration of his birthday and their anniversary), and once again on Christmas Eve at the Harilela home. Swamiji remarked that every day is a rebirth, a renewal, so why should just one day be called the birthday?

Christmas at the Harilela home was a grand celebration with all of the family members, a beautiful tree, Christmas carols, and... Santa Claus! All the lights were turned out when he entered the room to chants of "We want Santa!" and at first nobody was quite sure if he were David or Swamiji! It was David Harilela all dressed up and tickling everyone with his long white (fake) beard and giving out the presents as each one sat on his

big red lap... including Swamiji!

Before leaving Hong Kong, Swamiji gave mantra initiation to the entire Harilela family – a very special occasion for all. On Thursday, December 28, he left for the Philippines amid showers of love and devotion. Swamiji was met at the airport in Manila by Yoga and Poo Duriswamy, the Sri Lanka (Ceylon) Ambassadors who, along with Mr. Dadlani, acted as Sri Swamiji's hosts during his brief but full visit. A number of Philippine devotees and friends were also there, beaming in the warm, tropical night. The next day the Government Department of Public Information hosted a press conference and luncheon of cultural journalists, where Swamiji was interviewed for a number of magazines and newspapers. That evening Swamiji spoke at the Center for Creative Thinking to a large gathering. Saturday morning Swamiji spoke at the Hindu Temple and again that evening at the Ananda Marga Center. All the talks attracted large groups of people, many of them young and reminiscent of his American devotees. Between talks, interviews were completed and photos taken, and on the morning of the 31st Swamiji said goodbye to Manila and boarded the plane for the long ride back to San Francisco.

Swamiji had brought with him the films, Swamiji's Children, and Yoga for the City, Swami Satchidananda, which are documentaries made by CBS and by Jeff Kamen for Channel 13 Educational Station in New York, respectively. These were really appreciated as everyone seemed to ask Swamiji what was taking place in the in the West in the name of Yoga... and why such a great interest was created in America, especially among young people. In introducing the film at a public talk at the Harilela home in Hong Kong, Swamiji said, "The

modern youth in many countries were searching for peace in all kinds of drugs. This has become a growing problem all over the globe. When they failed to get the peace and tranquility, even through the drugs, they ultimately came to the scientific approach

On January 6, Swamiji left L.A. for his first visit to New Mexico, "the Land of Enchantment," accompanied by Ish and Brahmi, the honeymoon couple, and Sister Leela Chaitanya on her way to Yogaville. The group planned to attend the Indian dances



Swamiji with (from l. to r.) George Harilela, Laila, Mrs. Chandra Harilela and Majnu.

of Yoga, and that is why you see hundreds of thousands of people, mostly youngsters, interested in the yogic approach. In the movie that you will be seeing, you can see how educated the modern youth are, and how they found help in the yogic practices."

A large gathering of Swamiji's children was on hand to meet him as he stepped off the plane in San Francisco. Swamiji spent the first three days of the new year meeting with his students, playing with their children and with their pets (including a baby mountain lion!). On January 3, Swamiji came to Los Angeles where he gave a talk at the IYI and another at the Center for Spiritual Studies in Topanga Canyon.

celebrating the Epiphany that day; however the dances were postponed till late that evening. Through a trader at the pueblo, Swamiji, the Cowans and the Donald W. Muellers, his hosts, were invited to join a victory party for the newly elected governor of the pueblo. There, everyone shared some of the feast with Indian prune pie, and Swamiji offered some words of wisdom. East met West.

Of special interest was Swamiji's visit to the atomic facilities at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratories, where he was fascinated learning about the vast amount of research being done toward using atomic energy beneficially for the world. There were side trips to climb the ancient cliff dwell-



ings at Bandaliere National Monument and to challenge a snow-bound mountain road to view one of the largest volcanic craters in the world. The last night of his three-day visit, he gave Satsang at the Unitarian Church of Los Alamos and showed the films. New Mexico was enchanted.



Swamiji with Mr. & Mrs. Mario Berembau

Instead of flying, Swamiji took the opportunity to go by train from New Mexico to Chicago, where he had a few moments to visit with his cousin Sri Ponmalai before flying off to meet his welcoming children in New York.

Back in Connecticut, Swamiji was at the Ashram for less than a week when he was off (or on!) again, this time for a two week stay in Spain, the first week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mario Berembau at the southern tip of Spain near Malaga. From the house where he stayed, the Rock of Gibraltar could clearly be seen as well as the beautiful coastline of northern Africa. The Berembau family (including Mario's two young daughters and the family's servants) were almost completely new to Yoga when Swamiji

came. Swamiji blessed them with the rare opportunity to follow an ashram-like schedule under his constant guidance at their own home. He instructed them in Hatha Yoga, chanting, meditation and the Yogic principles of living which, in that one week, opened up a more harmonious way of life for the entire family. When Swamiji left them, they expressed their gratitude for the changes he had wrought in them.

Swamiji then spent some days in Madrid as the guest of His Excellency Ambassador Stilianopolus and Mrs. Stilianopolus (Mike and Pitita for their close friends), ambassadors of the Philippines in Spain. They arranged several friendly gatherings and receptions at their home, attended by many high-ranking statesmen, diplomats and various officials, as well as newsmen who were interested in meeting Swamiji. Many questions were posed concerning Swamiji's work and teachings, and the relationship of Yoga to the orthodox Catholic faith of Spain. Swamiji spoke of how he represented no new religion or dogma, but told how we all need only to rediscover the Divine presence within. At the end of one talk, many rushed up to him to shake and even to kiss his hand and thank him for sharing with them. It was a very hopeful sign that the universality of Swamiji's teachings was able to reach and to express the underlying unity of all faiths, including that of the orthodox Catholic in Spain.

During this time, Prince Francesco Aldobrandini flew in from Rome, especially to see Swamiji during his stay in Madrid. It was a warm reunion, as Prince Aldobrandini is a close friend of Swamiji and his host whenever Swamiji is in Rome.

Swamiji's visit to Spain also held unexpected grace for several devotees who happened to meet him during his

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WHAT WE'RE DOING

DANBURY

It is with great joy that we announce our formation into an Integral Yoga Group after more than a year of weekly classes. Sri Swamiji expressed his joy with the Group and gave us his blessings on December 8. He blessed us further by giving us use of his Danbury house for classes and family gatherings. One member of our group is currently maintaining residence there.

Swamiji's holy presence and vibrations are certainly helping to make our endeavor a successful one. On January 22 we sponsored a lecture, demonstration, and showing of the film *Yoga for the City* at the Danbury Public Library. Our four Hatha teachers are now busy with a full class schedule. We have two Beginners classes and one Intermediate class. In addition to this we have taken over teaching the class at the Federal Correctional Institute in Danbury, which had previously been taught by the New York and New Britain Insti-

tutes. On Friday evenings we meet for Kirtan and Satsang.

We have learned so much already and are continuing to learn more every day. We wish to express our deepest gratitude to the members of Satchidananda Ashram, the New York, New Jersey, and New Britain IYIs for their love and service in helping us prepare to serve the Danbury community.

DENVER, COLO.

Fresh, clean and bright is this baby-new Institute. Recently delivered from its four-year stay in Boulder, it is now garbed in a small brick house at 65 S. Clarkson in central Denver.

Gurudev made his first visit to the new Institute on February 24th and 25th. His visit and his lecture at a large theater near the IYI was attended by much excitement on the part of all the members of our old, new and ever-growing family. Besides our Papa's wonderful visit, February saw us continuing to work, to prepare for the opening of this new center for making his teachings available to all.

In early March we began classes. In addition to the Hatha, meditation and cooking classes we will be offering here, some classes will continue in the Boulder area. And we are hopeful about the possibilities of some classes in schools and other institutions in the Denver community as well.

We all pray we will provide his Divine, wise nectar for all to come and partake.

Om Shanthi, All love to you
At His feet,
Sister Daya Chaitanya

NEW BRITAIN

The New Britain IYI is flourishing amidst a steady increase of newcomers into our new location.

Our last series of course classes is being followed up with two additions: an eight-week Raja Yoga course and a six-week cooking course. In addition, the children's course class has become an open class. Besides practicing asanas, they have been learning how to work together in a Yogic way. One week we began building bird houses for spring nesting. (It seems that we're not only attracting Yogis to the IYI, but lately a variety of lovely birds have also been gracing our home with their soul-elevating song!) We have received several comments from the parents concerning the beneficial effect these classes are having on the children.

Each day brings new ideas of how we can channel the Divine Energy into work which will help us become living examples of Gurudev's Teachings.

MONTREAL

The Montreal Integral Yoga Institute has been exploring new ways of communicating creatively with its

French-English population. For instance, we are presently teaching Hatha Yoga at Portage, a drug rehabilitation program in the Laurentian Mountains. We instruct participants in separate but simultaneous French and English classes. Then, after class, both groups and instructors gather for a bi-lingual Satsang and Kirtan.

The program's director, John Devlin, is working with his staff psychologist to develop a questionnaire for the participants. This study will examine the effects of Yoga in drug rehabilitation. Another questionnaire, this one computerized, has been developed by the Religion Department of Sir George University. Its purpose is to discover the type and attitudes of people who come for Yoga at the Institute. And a third study is one initiated by Dr. Warness, a well-known Canadian psychiatrist. He has asked Subhadra, a nurse from our Institute, to give Hatha classes to asthmatic patients. This should prove helpful in compiling medical statistics on the benefits of Yoga.

Some other recent activities: We visited Ottawa to look into the possibility of opening an Institute in that city. We will also travel to Toronto for the same purpose. We were blessed with a weekend visit from Rabbi Shlomo Carlebach. The love and wisdom he shared opened our hearts as we danced and sang to his songs. Another service project has been the putting together of a color slide show on Yoga to aid us in lecture/demonstrations. We will utilize this medium for our cooking classes also, by giving an audio-visual documentation on diet culture.

We are learning to communicate better by expressing our own creative abilities and applying them to reach larger and more diverse groups of people. We are learning more and more

how to do service in the community with all the love our beloved Swamiji has given to us. Most of all, we feel that our work can be successful only if we ourselves follow the basic teachings of our Master.

NEW YORK CITY

This past winter (as always) has been an active one here in New York. It was highlighted by three talks by our beloved Swamiji. The first came not long before the Christmas holidays, when Swamiji spoke at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, to a gathering of about 600 people. Around the same time, Swamiji spoke at the Aquarius Health Center, a black group located in Harlem which had invited and arranged for him to come. This was Swamiji's first talk with a black group here in New York, and all enjoyed it. Then, early in February, after returning from his trips to the Far East and Spain, Swamiji again came to New York. He spoke to a gathering of 800 at the Synod House of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine near Columbia University.

During the holidays, while Swamiji was visiting his devotees in Hong Kong, the family here in New York celebrated Swamiji's Jayanthi by holding a Sadhana Day. It was a full day of silence and varied Yoga practices, open to the public, held at the downtown center. The day ended with a Puja and a meal, and it brought together many close friends of the Institute. For Christmas, we all went up to Satchidananda Ashram-Yogaville to visit our brothers and sisters there. And on New Year's Eve, back in New York, we had a Puja, offering all our work implements to be blessed for the coming year.

In addition to these activities, there has been much progress here in New York, in serving people through our classes. During the winter, we con-

ducted a teachers training program and by the end of January there were eleven new teachers who had become even closer friends of the Institute. On January 19, we had a Karma Yoga weekend to bring students who come to the Institute for classes an opportunity to share in another side of life here, to share in selfless service. About twenty people, many of them new faces, came to take part, and all together, in just one weekend, we repainted our large asana room. The result is really beautiful, the room being much warmer and more appealing.

To supplement our main asana room, and a smaller asana room that we have on the second floor, we have started to repair and repaint another room on the second floor. This is a large room which was formerly rented out as an artist's studio. But recently it became available to us, and this spring should be ready to be used as a third classroom. Already, as of February 1, we have been able to realize a long-held hope, that of conducting a new Hatha class each weekday evening at 6:15. This enables us to meet the needs of a growing number of people who wish to take a class at that time, and to offer then, side by side, both a Hatha I class and a more advanced class. And we have also begun videotape Satsangs every Thursday evening at 7:30, at which time we show videotapes of Swamiji, and other spiritual teachers.

As winter began to come to an end, we were blessed with a number of special events. First, on Feb. 16, two of our family members, Sudarshan and Sushila, were married by Swamiji at a group wedding in Yogaville. A week later, on Feb. 22, we received Satsang from Ma Atmananda (Mataji), who directs the I Am Ashram in Thunder Bay, Canada. The following month, on the 24th of March, two more members of our family, Vishnu and Anjana, were married here in New York. And two

days later, Rabbi Gelberman conducted a Seder here at the downtown center.

As winter turns into spring, we look back with satisfaction on the service and shared joys of the past months. And we look forward to continued service and sharing, in the name of our beloved Gurudev.

SANTA CRUZ

Hari Om.

We have been growing in many ways. Our house now has 11 brothers with the arrival of Brothers Arumugam and Narayanan from Yogaville West. Most of our energy has been centered in the Integral Yoga Natural Foods Store in downtown Santa Cruz. Here we have done much remodeling, making the store more streamlined and beautiful and our service more efficient. We have expanded our famous delicatessen and added many new products. These improvements have met with much positive response from our friends and increased business. It has become clear that it is by being living examples of Yogic life that we can best serve in business or teaching.

Last November, we had a wonderful Thanksgiving with a California-wide family gathering here in Santa Cruz. The program included a heavenly kirtan, video satsang with Swamiji, an incredible feast, and an IYI version of charades.

In December, we presented two capacity showings of the movie "Sunseed" at the University of California at Santa Cruz. The movie presents Swamiji along with other spiritual leaders and seekers throughout the world.

In January, we had a full house at the Institute for a showing of Swamiji's "World Tour" film.

The San Francisco IYI joined forces with the Santa Cruz Institute to represent Integral Yoga in two pro-

grams over the January 26-27 weekend. On Saturday (the 26th) we were at the "Kahoutek Festival" in San Francisco. The festival celebrated the coming of the comet Kahoutek and the growing spiritual consciousness it seems to symbolize. We presented a workshop in Hatha Yoga, Kirtan, and a discussion of our lifestyle. On Sunday (the 27th) we presented a church service at the Unitarian Church in Stockton, Calif. This included a Bhagavad Gita reading by Sister Hamsa, a sermon entitled "Integral Yoga: A Supreme Way to Happiness" given by Brother Jeevakan, a Hatha demonstration by Sister Kamala, and a Hatha class given to over 30 church members by Sister Parvathi. The effect of this joyful service was immediate, with 35 members signing up for a course class to be taught at the church.

We now have three classes at U.C.S.C.: two in the Physical Education Department and one through the Dramatic Arts Department. The County Sheriff has asked us to teach Hatha Yoga at the county jail. And we also have started a new class at the YWCA in Watsonville, California.

In Santa Cruz itself, we are now putting energy into several other projects: building a methane gas generator to supply cheap energy for heating and cooking, planting the vegetable garden to help supply the store with fresh organic produce, and preparing to increase the number of our bee hives when spring swarming begins (last fall we extracted over 120 lbs. of high grade honey from six hives). All of this aims at greater service to humanity through our efforts towards more self-sufficiency, self-knowledge, and a healthier, more natural way of life.

Om Shanthi
Peace Be With You,
Your Santa Cruz Brothers

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stay there, though they had not known he was coming. One couple, Chris and Wendy Michaels, who are devotees from Hartford, are living now on a farm in southern Spain. During his stay at the Berembau's, Swamiji visited them and expressed appreciation for their natural way of life. In the case of another devotee, Karuna Williams, she and her husband had moved to Spain some time before, but for the first time were visiting the famous Moorish fortress, Alhambra, in Granada. This fortress is a very beautiful example of Islamic architecture, with a huge, dark, open doorway at the top of the long stairway leading to it. As they were coming up the steps, Swamiji emerged from the doorway into the sunlight, his orange figure framed against the blackness behind him. At first, Karuna was so startled she didn't know if it were a vision she was seeing, and almost fell down the long stairway.

And one more reunion: while in Madrid, Swamiji met Karina Karunakaran after 22 years. She had known and loved him like a second mother and had served him in many ways when he was living near Rishikesh years before. During his visit, she stayed in the same hotel to be near him.

On the last morning in Spain, Swamiji's secretary, Amma, entered his room to find him dancing and humming joyously. He said that he had "dreamt of the kids" (the American devotees) and was glad he would be with them soon. And how glad they were to have him "home" again!

Swamiji arrived at the Ashram at the end of January, this time to stay for three weeks. Then, on February 19, he left on a cross-country tour. In Texas, he gave talks in Dallas and San Antonio and at the University of Texas. He was present at the dedication of the San Antonio Yoga Club, and conducted a tree-planting ceremony at a



Planting a tree in San Antonio
church in San Antonio where he has spoken several times. Then he went to Denver, where there is a new IYI, to give another talk. And from there he went to California, with talks at Chapman College and California State College in San Diego. And on March 2, he spoke at The Meeting of the Ways in San Francisco. On March 4, Swamiji left for New Zealand, where he chaired the International Yoga Teachers Conference. Returning to San Francisco on March 30, the next day he inaugurated the Temple of Cosmic Religion there, at the invitation of Sant Keshavadasji and Mrs. Rama Jyoti Vernon. On Palm Sunday he attended the West Coast Retreat near Malibu Beach, and from there he flew to Dallas again to bless the Dallas Retreat with his presence. And completing a grand sweep, he flew back to speak at the East Coast Retreat in Holyoke, Mass., on Easter Sunday. And then, after a winter of almost continual travel, Swamiji returned again to stay at his Ashram in Connecticut.

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OM Shanthi

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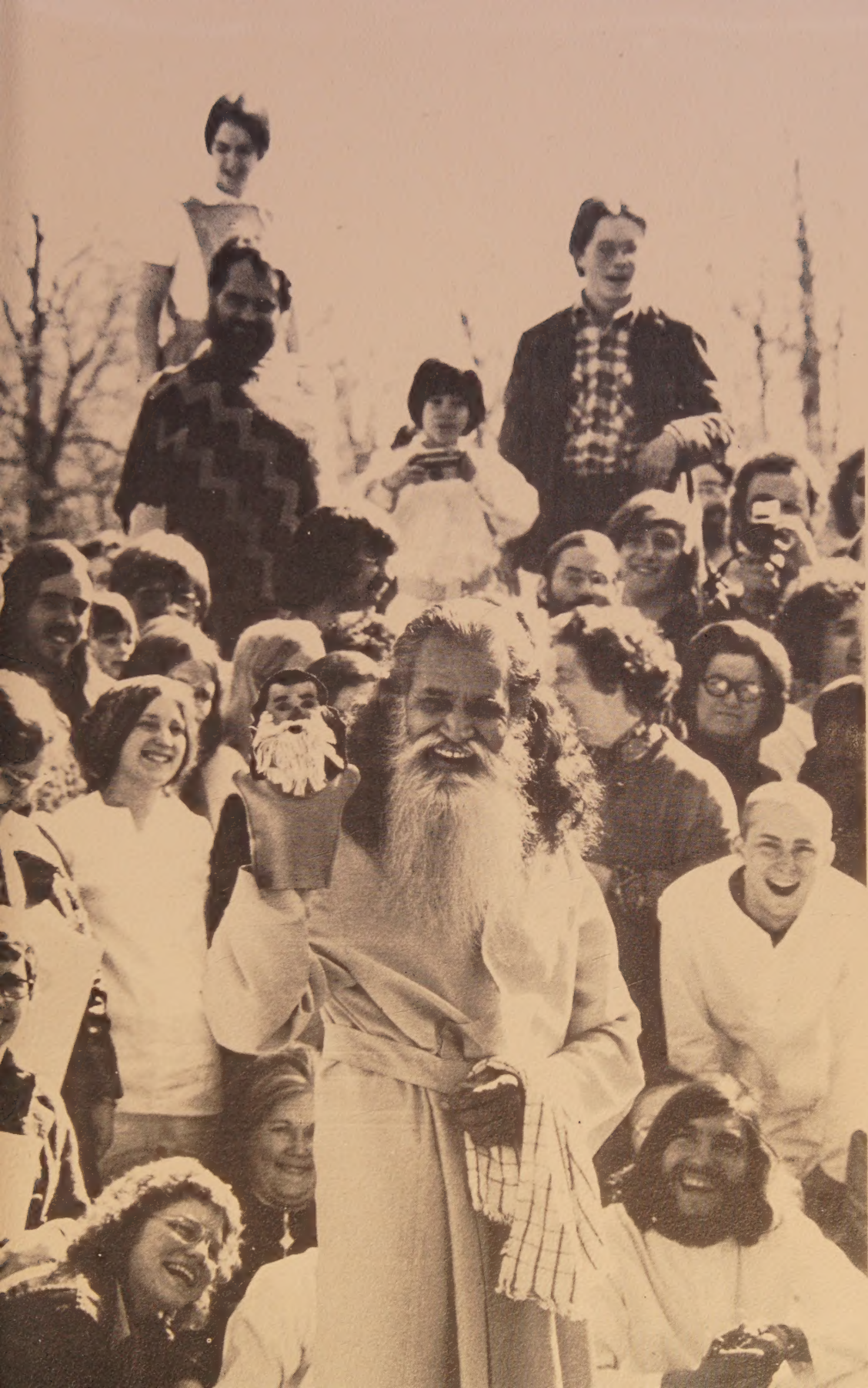
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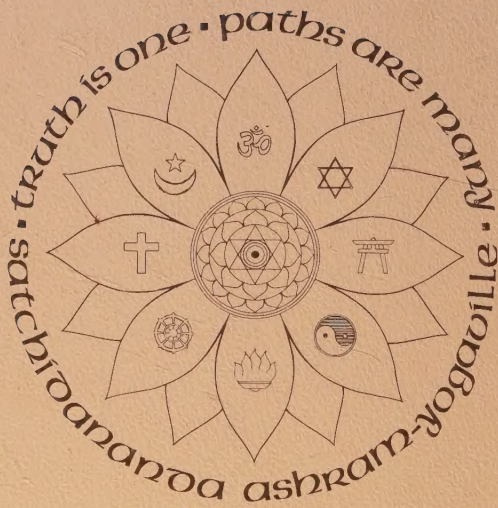
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